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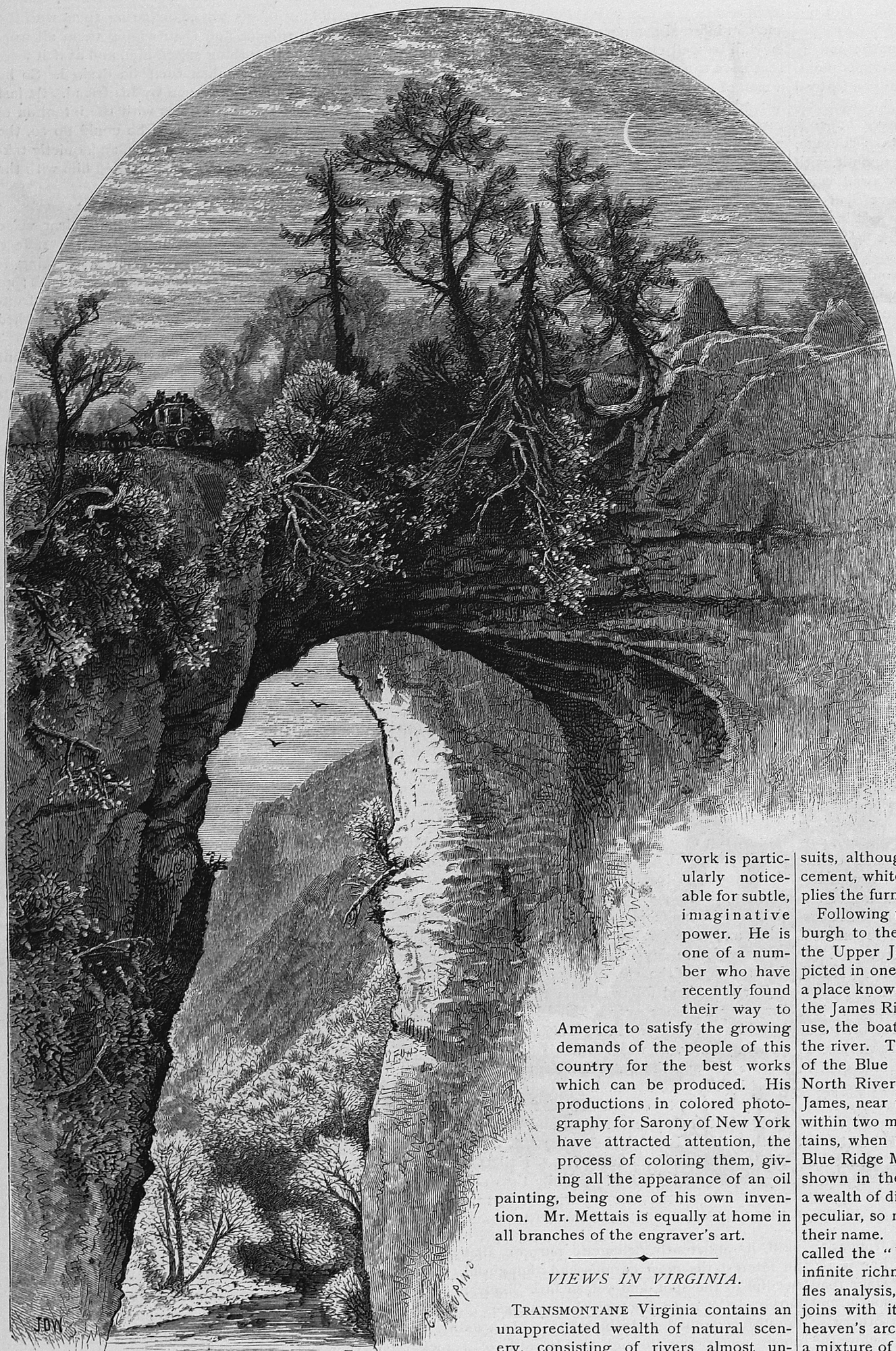
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NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.—J. D. WOODWARD.

recent invasion of France, and the fall of Paris. Campbell has sung some noble verses in his "Lines to Poland." He says:

"In Fate's defiance—in the World's great eye,
Poland has won her immortality.
Wreathed, fettered, the victim falls renowned,
And all her ashes will be holy ground."

"Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
That's fanned by Heaven to mock the tyrant's rage:
She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
And fresh, historic plumes of Fame put on,—
Another Athens after Marathon."

"Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old—
Her men in more and more heroic mould:
Her eagle ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind."

Mr. Mettais has been fortunate in his interpretation of the poet. As an artist, he ranks high, and his

work is particularly noticeable for subtle, imaginative power. He is one of a number who have recently found their way to America to satisfy the growing demands of the people of this country for the best work which can be produced. His productions in colored photography for Sarony of New York have attracted attention, the process of coloring them, giving all the appearance of an oil painting, being one of his own invention. Mr. Mettais is equally at home in all branches of the engraver's art.

VIEWS IN VIRGINIA.

TRANSMONTANE Virginia contains an unappreciated wealth of natural scenery, consisting of rivers almost unknown, mountains quite unexplored, and a large number of beauties and wonders which should attract the Amer-

ican tourist. The great mountain belt which crosses this State from Maryland to the boundary line of Tennessee and North Carolina, sparkles with rare gems of beauty: foaming waterfalls, steel-blue expanses of river surface, bold mountains, dashing brooks, and many of the curiosities of nature not to be found elsewhere. Of these are the Natural Bridge, its towering arch rising 55 feet higher than Niagara Falls; the Peaks of Otter, 5,307 feet above the level of the sea, over the tops of which John Randolph was fond of watching the sun rise; Marshall's Pillar, named in honor of Chief Justice Marshall, which rises more than 1,000 feet above the river's margin; the Natural Tunnel in Scott County, 70 feet in diameter, piercing the solid rock for a distance of 450 feet; Weyer's Cave, 1,600 feet in length, filled with innumerable apartments; mountain scenery which equals the finest portions of the Rhine; the Puncheon Run

Falls, where the water is hurled from the brow of a mountain into a basin two thousand feet below, and numerous rivers, like the James, the New, and the North, which cut through the rocks, and flow in the midst of some of the finest valley and mountain scenery in existence. It is among these scenes Mr. J. D. Woodward, a Virginia artist, has been sketching for *THE ALDINE*. Leaving the more widely known eastern portions of the State, he sought the real Arcadians of Virginia, who dwell beyond the mysterious barrier of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in the grand gallery lying between them and the Alleghanies—the garden valley of the State.

Leaving the town of Lynchburgh, following the James River in a north-westerly direction by the stage road, or slowly sailing by boat on the James River and Kanawha Canal, the traveler will, in the course of a few hours, behold the grandeur and beauty of Balcony Falls, where the James makes its passage through the Blue Ridge, dashing and murmuring between the rock-ribbed sides of the everlasting hills. A moonlight excursion in the summer along the canal is enchanting and picturesque. The Balcony Falls consist of a series of rapids, which commence near the mouth of the North River, and extend for seven or eight miles through a very wild country, seldom visited by artists, and almost unknown to the outside world. Our full-page illustration shows the characteristics of these falls and the surrounding mountain scenery. The people who dwell in this region are mostly engaged in agricultural pur-

suits, although the earth is rich in minerals, coal, cement, white sand, etc., while the iron obtained supplies the furnaces in the neighborhood of Lexington.

Following the usual route of tourists, from Lynchburgh to the Natural Bridge, the spot is reached on the Upper James which has been so beautifully depicted in one of our illustrations. This scene is near a place known as Rope Ferry, where the canal crosses the James River. An actual rope ferry is not now in use, the boats, as a general thing, being poled across the river. The canal divides immediately at the foot of the Blue Ridge, a section of it extending up the North River, while another follows the banks of the James, near to the mouth of Cedar Creek, which is within two miles of the Natural Bridge. All mountains, when seen in the distance, are blue, but the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, some of which are shown in the picture, possess a depth, a variety and a wealth of different shades of blue, that are strikingly peculiar, so much so that the color has given them their name. The late Edward A. Pollard, in his book called the "Virginia Tourist," says: "It is a blue of infinite richness, of a strange, misty depth that baffles analysis, and as variable as the sunset sky that joins with it. Now mist-gilded, again light as the heaven's arch, again purplish, again indescribable as a mixture of blue and red, and all these phenomena taking place, perhaps, in half-an-hour's span of the sun, the garments of the mountain change, swift as the weaver's shuttle that makes them in the light woven of earth and sky."

The Natural Bridge of Virginia is a well-known feature of American scenery, having been frequently sketched by artists, but, like the Falls of Niagara, it is such a stupendous work of nature, rising a hundred feet above the highest trees of the forest, a different aspect is presented from each point of view, and no two pictures of it are exactly alike. Relieved against the purple side of a distant mountain, it stands out as a perfect and clean-cut arch of whitish-gray limestone. Fifteen or twenty feet of soil grow on the top of this giant's portal, from which spring trees and shrubbery, forming a verdant crown. Indeed, so thickly is the stage road which crosses the bridge hedged with bushes, the traveler would not know when the arch had been reached if his attention were not called to the fact. The whole bridge is composed of one solid rock, the average width of



JAMES RIVER, ABOVE ROPE FERRY, VIRGINIA.—J. D. WOODWARD.

which is 80 feet. The span of the arch is from 45 to 60 feet wide, and its height to the under line is 196 feet, and to the upper line 215 feet. The stage road crossing the bridge runs from north to south, and the deep ravine of Cedar Creek is not otherwise easily passed for several miles above or below the bridge. Seen from the highway, 200 feet below, is the creek, apparently motionless, save where it flashes in the sunlight:

"Still waters between walls
Of shadowy limestone in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes:
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies—
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep."

The most effective view is from the base of the bridge, down in the cool and verdant bottoms, where the massive arch can be seen bathed in the sunlight above, springing against the blue sky. The form of the arch approaches to the elliptical, and is carried over in a diagonal line—the very line of all others the most difficult for the architect to realize, and the one best calculated for picturesque effects. Mr. Polard, in writing of this bridge, says: "It is the proportions of art in this wild, strange work of nature, its adjustment in the very perfection of mechanical

skill, its apparently deliberate purpose, that create an interest the most curious and thoughtful. It is needful to the spot, and yet so little likely to have survived the great fracture, the evidences of which are visible around, and which has made a fissure of about ninety feet through the breadth of a rock-ribbed hill, that we are at first disposed to reflect upon it as the work of man. It is only when we contemplate its full measure of grandeur, that we are assured it is the work of God. We have the pier, the arch, the studied angle of ascent; and that nothing might be wanted in the evidences of design, the bridge is guarded by a parapet of rocks, covered with fine shrubs and trees." On the eastern pier of the bridge, about 15 feet from the ground, has been carved the name of George Washington, and a few feet higher up is the name of Stonewall Jackson! The lichens upon the face of the arch, near the keystone, have formed themselves into strange and weird black patches, or figures, among which that of an American eagle soaring heavenward is quite prominent, and easily traced without any special effort of the imagination. There are those who fancy they can see the lion's head beneath the eagle, and elsewhere the outlines of the heroic countenance of Washington. During the late war, General Hunter made a raid through this section of country, and there was a report at one time, quite extensively be-

lieved by ignorant people, that he had burned the Natural Bridge! There have also been newspaper reports that volcanic action was going on in the rocks of this structure, which would soon crumble it away. The great monumental curiosity continues to stand, however, and bids fair to do so as long as the world lasts.

SOMEBODY'S BABY.

SOMEBODY'S baby, out in the snow;
Some one's darling, with nowhere to go!
Poor little tender feet, poor little naked feet,
Poor little slender form, pelted with sleet.
Somebody's baby, somebody's daughter,
Houseless and homeless, given to slaughter.

Golden hair tangled, and ringlets of ice,
Which some one might fondle, ever so nice;
Bright little blue eyes—soft little eyes,
From which the sunlight flutters and dies,
Somebody's baby, somebody's child,
Moaning so sadly in the storm wild.

Poor tired limbs no longer can go,
Poor little lamb lain down in the snow;
Snow for her pillow, snow for her bed,
Snow for her winding-sheet when she's dead.
Some one's baby to sleep neath the sod;
Somebody's daughter, gone home to God.

—L. A. P. N.



BALCONY FALLS, JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.—J. D. WOODWARD.